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VOL. 6. NO.141.

VANITY FAIR.

Saturday,

SEPT. 6,

1862.

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The First Number of the Sixth Volume of VANITY FAIR was issued July 5th, and with it we decided upon the discontinuance of all Premiums, preferring to give our Subscribers the advantage of the difference we have consequently made in our rates.

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XUM

SALT AND WATER.

ATER! water! everywhere
And not a drop to drink!"
Thus sang the Ancient Mariner
When he tipped that awful wink
That scared a timid passenger—
A Wedding Guest, I think.

The echo of that doleful cry
Now sighs among the shrouds
That loom against the lurid sky
And inky-fingered clouds,
As JACK at the mast-head high—and dry,
A coming squall forebodes.

No more the merry heave-ho song
Among the cordage sounds;
The capstan, with its silent throng,
Goes musicless its rounds,
While bitterly, behind his tongue,
The grog-stops JACK confounds.

OBITUARY.

SUDDENLY, on the 12th instant, in the office of the United States Marshal, after a brief but violent struggle with the prevailing mysterious epidemic, AFFI DAVIT, in the —th year of his age.

Though, until recently, a comparative stranger, A. D. had become an immense favorite with all classes of our citizens. He was regarded as a savior by vast numbers of doubtful patriots, to whose suddenly enervated frames he seemed to afford the promise of a long, peaceful period of convalesence amid the luxuries of home. Indeed, so great was the confidence reposed in his powers, that very many shrewd and respectable men did not hesitate to swear, upon his representation, to the existence of certain maladies in their own systems, which their nearest relatives, nay, they themselves, had, up to that moment, been ignorant of.

Nor was this miraculous gift of A. D. confined, in its influence, to the unlearned in the Hippocratic Art. Grave and reputable physicians, it is said, were so affected by his uncompromising and earnest vouchers for the truth of his statements, that they deliberately put the seal of their medical authority to the pathological wonders he proclaimed. In short, the whole community—the entire nation—was blindly building its faith upon the *ipse dixit* of this specious CHARLATAN, when it pleased the GOVERNMENT to put an end to his pernicious influence, by the infallible tests of its own learned functionaries, who were called together for this purpose. By their advice a NATIONAL DRAFT was prepared from new ingredients, and upon thoroughly changed and improved principles, and this filter was ordered to be administered to the QUACKSALVER, AFFI DAVIT, by the United States Marshals and their Deputies, wherever he should be found deluding the People.

The result was, as the first paragraph of this obituary announces, his immediate Dissolution! In conclusion, we would state, that his remains will be properly embalmed, and kept to be interred, with appropriate ceremonies, upon the National Batte-field, *to which all* Patriots who are now released from his malign influence, are hereby *cordially invited*, without further notice, by UNCLE SAMUEL.

The Herald on Corns.

WE do not know that we were ever so much struck with the lower form of humanity which the *Herald* exhibits, as when we read a leading article in that paper, last Tuesday, on Corns in the Army—not Whiskey Corns in the Head, but Te-Toe-Tal Corns on the Feet. The *Herald* calls upon the Government for "the Organization of a Corps of Chiropodists, to inspect the feet of the men, and keep them in marching order." This sensibility of the *Herald* is very natural; for it has an Ear of Corns on every Toe—if that isn't an anatomical bull—and somebody is always treading on them. We agree, however, with the *Herald;* but, in addition to its Corps of Corn-Cutters, we would recommend an Oculist Orderly to each Company, Six Hair-Dressers to each Regiment, Fifty Dentists to each Division, with rations of Cologne Water and Windsor Soap to every private. This will be doing the thing in style; and nothing less than this will satisfy us.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL.

THE puissant Rebel General BRECKINRIDGE, in his recent account of the battle of Baton Rouge, says that the attempt to repossess that town, on his part, was "a complete success—as FAR *as it went.*"

Just so!

But how far *did* it "went"?

Verily, it went the entire distance from the starting-point of his expedition, even unto the spot where he suffered an unmitigated defeat.

Up to that moment, we must confess, his attempt *was* "completely successful."

But from the precise period at which his defeat commenced, the success changed sides.

This is exactly "as far as it went!"

Now, deep reflection shows us that there are great and novel deductions to be drawn from these facts.

For instance: The general rebel accounts of their claimed victories are not, necessarily, falsehoods.

They are merely incomplete. They simply lack the astute qualification with which that sapient General, BRECKINRIDGE, so aptly clinched the veracity of his report.

They only each want the sublime climax of—"*as far as it went!*"

Every battle *has* been a victory of theirs, "as far as it went"—victoriously—to them!

To the exact instant of its becoming disadvantageous, it was surely hopeful.

Don't you see?

Henceforth, charitably supply BRECKINRIDGE'S grand phrase, in its appropriate place, to each of the Rebel Bulletins, and their truth will become apparent.

THE TRUTH BY ACCIDENT.

THERE is a fine bit of human nature in the following advertisement, taken from a country paper:

"TO PRINTERS.—A young man (married) wishes to get employment in a country or other printing office. Is well up to all sorts of book and job work. Wages not so much an objection as a permanent situation. Address ——, to the office of this paper."

If there is a typographical error in the above, also have we a bitter truth. How few men there are to be found to whom wages are an "objection"—how many to whom a "permanent situation," which means work, is a dread contingency! We could all get over our little grievance at having money thrust upon us with one hand, had the donors only conscience enough not to hold out the other, in expectation of the *quid pro quo*.

Certainly Not!

THE Adjutant-General has decided that Students are not exempt from a Draft. We never thought that they were. Look at the Beer they drink! Look at their Drafts upon their Governors' pockets. Exempt! We should think not!

ETHAN SPIKE IN TROUBLE.

CANADY, Aug. 27th.

I AINT pleasantly sitooated up here—quite contrary wise. The kernucks dont seem to appreciate the moral courage that must actooate a feller critter's bussum afore he kims to the skedaddlin pint. Only yesterday, one of the beknighted critters told me I was "a white-livered yankee cuss!" I axed him ef he war in airnest? He said he war, an I forguv him—though ef it hadnt bin for makin a fuss between the two countries, an ef he hadnt looked as though he could lick me, I'd hev knocked his greasy fur cap into the middle of next month—an ef his hed had gone with it I shouldnt hev keered. I natterally feel dissapinted, for I caounted on a flatterin reception—but there aint nary a flatter attached to it. Decidedly cool—borderin on the frosty.

I would go back, but darsent—my feeble health wont stand a *draft*. I ollers tuk cold ef I sot in a common draft, and the official one they ar gettin up daoun in the states, though it may save the gineral constitootion, would ruinate mine—it makes a Shakin Quaker of me jest to think abaout it. Ef there was any way to make me inwulnerable to baggernuts, minnow rifles, comickal shells, and sich like gear, twould be different. Ef they could put me into a dry dock—for instance—and turn me aout iron-clad, so's I was sure nothin could hurt me—why, I'd jest as lives go raound buttin other folks as not—I think the Monitor line would suit me—but my physical corporal system is too valooable—in every pint of view—to be exposed in a onprotected state of natur.

Do you suppose they would draft me ef I went back? I skersly think twould be constitootional. I've gained a resident here—an would kim under the statoote perwided for furriners. I'm too old, was a candydate for offis under the general goverment—nobody kin prove that I was born in the United States—I tried to jine the Quakers—haint got teeth enough to bite a catridge—never hed the mumps—might be tuk with em at any time—the smell of gunpaowder makes me sick—specially when its mixed with lead—such kimickal combinations never agreed with me. Ef these disabilities dont constitoot me a alien under the haybeas Korpus act, wot ar aour free institootions good for? Ef I've a constitootional objection to gunpowder—taint my fault—its a oilfactory pervision of natur—thats what it is. Ef I prefer keepin my human form devine hull, to hevin it bored full of holes, so's twould look more like a cullender than the noblest work of God—dont I show good taste? I'm willin them as is differently sot up by natu[illegible]hould go to war—in fact, I want em to—why cant they be equa[illegible]ginerous and let me stay to hum?

Here's a sitooation—[illegible]tooation of the distressedest kind—for a man whos ollers bin [illegible]pected feller citizen! Ive lost my own country—an furrin nations dont want me—I'm ostrichised, expatiated, and disfrankinchised—I'm the Wandrin Jew of the nineteenth sentry. I cant get a foothold anywhen—Noah's duv was more fortinit—she *could* go back—I cant—there's no ark for me, nor nobody to open the windw ef there was.

I shall probably starve to death jist like the children in the wood—only I dont bleve these Kernuck robbings will take the trouble to kiver me up.

Ef the last words of a dyin unfortinit will hev any effect—on them who is turnin their eyes in this direction—I would say, *dont do it!* Better run the risk of nineteen drafts—better stand yer chance of hevin your bones biled [illegible]n made into ornyments to adorn she-seceshers, than to find yersel a stranger in this unaccaountably strange land.

I've tried every methc[illegible]—except work—to get an honest livin here. Thar ar two or three feller skedaddles her[illegible] who airn a livin as furrin correspondents for the Trybune. I tried to dodge and writ to Horris, but he haint bin sivil enough to reply. Then I undertuk to come the George Francis Train, but the half-breed blue-nose lion wont bear half as much as the old seed one at hum does—my fust bust of irrepresible patriotism cost me a bunged eye an a broken nose. Lastly, I tried to jine a nigger settlement, tellin them I was a Octeroon—an would hev gone as low as a merlatter, or even a aberlishunist—but twas no go—the sutty cusses voted me inaudible, onless I would go into holy mattermony with a young lady of the African persuasion—aged 58—an weighin 283 lbs. averdypc[illegible]—an considerable more appotycaries ditto. I declined this tempti[illegible]fer for the present—solely on constitootional grounds—holdin it in reserve, hopin that Greeley may yet want me.

Mr. Greeley, ef youve got any baowels of compassion, dont let me be sacrificed. Kin you fold yer arms an munch yer pea-nuts when a feller critter is totterin on the brink of Mumbo Jumbo? One word from you will save me from this woolen destiny. Must a man be forced into the merino bisness agin his will? Must he, jest for the want of a leetle encouragement, run the risk of becoming the venurable ancestor of a long line of milk and merlassis collored descendants? Horris, help me! ETHAN SPIKE.

P.S. The shady she critter, who threatens—onless suthin turns up right away—to bekim the pardener of my joys an sorrers—she may hev the hull of the latter—has jest left me. She examined me as a jocky would a hoss—looked my teeth, punched my ribs, an, by the soft persuasion of a hickory switch, induced me to run, jump, an holler. She called this courtin of me! Ef this is the wooin, wot will be the weddin! Wot a sea of kernubial mattermony awaits me—and yet I shrink as I draw nearer to that blissful briny.

"So to the Jews old Canaan stood."

E. S.

WHAT HO! BONE AND SINEW.

WHAT ho! ye brawny, stalwart men,
Broad-shouldered chaps of five feet ten,
Who've boasted, time and time again,
That you were able there and then
To "lick creation"!
Heroes of many a civic muss
In bar-rooms, when with liquor *plus*,
You're wanted, not to yell and "cuss,"
But just to save *E Pluribus*,
That is, the nation.

Don't dodge the job—no shuffling craft;
Don't give leg-bail to 'scape the draft;
Old glory's stars the breezes waft;
Your country needeth all the raft
Of sinewy Christians.
Step out like men, ye big-boned crew,
And prove yourselves big-hearted too:
Dare; for we well know ye can *do*—
And put incontinently through
Secesh Philistines.

Samsonian sons of SAM, don't shame,
By playing sick, the Northern name.
No "possum tricks" of "deaf" or "lame:"
Roll up your sleeves and show the "game"
You've often boasted.
Rebellion flaps its wings and crows,
And Treason's thumb is at its nose;
Scoffing, they dare you to the close;
Your answer must be trenchant blows
When thus accosted.

There's something more than lives at stake.
The Union's props and girders quake;
On to the rescue ere they break;
With strong arms steady them, and make
Your names a wonder.
No more delay—come one, come all—
Come fat and thin, come short and tall,
And ere the closing of the Fall
Shall ring the Union's trumpet call
Through Richmond's streets, by thunder!

FROM POLYGAMUTAH.

STRANGE advices are wafted to us from the above-named habitation of felicity, writing from which, a correspondent of the *Daily Times* makes the following statement:

"There have been several cases in this Territory wherein the bones of living persons have appeared to be measurably rotted, softened, or decomposed."

That anything, nay, everything, should be rotten under the existing state of matters at Polygamutah, is not a subject for wonder. It would be interesting to know what portion of the osseous structure is the first to give way in Polygamutah, but we should suppose that we do not risk much in taking it for granted that softening of the head is about the most familiar form of the new malady. Nearly all of the imported Mormons whom we have seen passing through here on their way to Polygamutah, were pudding-headed persons from the porky districts of England. In their native land, and language, they were "chaw-bacons"—in their adopted districts they are saints. Nearly every one of them looked like a person whose os frontis, occiput, and parietal bones, were soft enough to cave in at a touch—like an autumnal pumpkin, in fact, as it looks when cracked "measurably" by the influence of the first frost. In using the word "measurably," we merely quote the writer in the *Times*, without in the least understanding what he means by it. "Miserably" would have been more to the purpose in the present case. Most newspaper correspondents now make use of the word "measurably," however, to express something; though what that something is we must confess ourselves unable to say.

XUM

SOME HALCYON PREDICTIONS.

NOTHING can be more assuring to the palpitating public mind, than the following paragraph from the "News of the Day" department of the *Daily Times*:

"One of our correspondents expresses confidently the belief that the fate of the rebellion will be decided within two weeks."

This, by itself, might not perhaps be an opinion upon which the multitudes would hang with affection, and a reviving sense of that better feeling in securities so devoutly wished for. But we have heard it corroborated in quarters entitled to more than a hasty recognition—in quarters that *are* quarters, we may indeed say.

A Mrs. GRUNTER—a lady very well known in circles that are influential—told us, yesterday, that her little boy says the rebellion will be crushed on or before next Friday week. We think she said "on or before;" but to make sure of it, we will ask her the next time she comes to clean our windows, a profession in which she excels, and in her practice of which we had the pleasure of making her acquaintance.

Of late we have had our boots cleaned out in the streets, invariably, on account of the opportunities thus afforded us for learning the war opinions of the intelligent and well-informed youths who follow the blacking business. Three of these young men know that victory—final and complete victory—will crown the Union arms between this and the fourteenth of September—perhaps *on* that day. Six give the fifteenth of September as the day of "everlasting crush," while one—an idiot—says he doesn't think it will take place until after Christmas.

The foreign nobleman who hebdomadally shampoos our ambrosial thatch is very cheerful at present. He admits that STUART'S cavalry are mounted on horseback—in which respect they have the advantage over some of ours—and he also thinks that they have been taking the curl out of our fellows' hair, a little, of late. But he still has confidence in MCCLELLAN, and hopes that POPE'S papers, captured in one of the rebel "raids," were nothing but curl-papers after all.

We passed through a stony district near the Central Park, yesterday, where some laborers were at work, blasting. When within about a mile of the spot, a large mass of stone rose into the air, and having soon exhausted its upward tendency, like stocks, fell plump upon a pig-sty near at hand, crushing it and its occupants into indistinguishable sausage.

"That's the way the rebellion'll be crushed in quick time, be me sowl!" were the words that came to us through the desert air. We felt the full force of the opinion, and went and took a drink on the strength of it immediately.

We have great reason to be dissatisfied with most of our own brilliant contributors for not furnishing us with some such decided and encouraging opinions as the above. It is our duty, we insist, to keep the public in good humor with this war; and we have no hesitation in saying that the man who doesn't tell good big lies about it, when he has a chance, is——a hard sort of man to find.

Pretty Pam!

THE Sheffield Town Council wants Lord PALMERSTON to mediate in America, because he has always managed so well the Foreign Relations of England. If we were an English Husband, we think that we should say: "That's right, PAM! Stick to our Foreign Relations and leave our Domestic Relations to our own management!" We think we should.

A L'Egyptienne.

THE Hon. SAID PASHA lately gave LOUIS NAPOLEON a dinner in the Egyptian style. Everything was perfect. There was water from the Nile, but you may be sure that they didn't have to go out of Paris to find a Mrs. POTIPHAR. Where they secured a JOSEPH, is another matter.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

MASON'S SURRENDER AT CLARKSVILLE, AUGUST 19TH, 1862.

"COL. MASON, of the Seventy-first Ohio, (the same regiment denounced by Gen. SHERMAN for cowardice at Shiloh,) with 300 men, two cannon, and strong intrenchments at Clarksville, surrendered, without resistance. * * * * * * The surrender was made to an inferior force of rebel cavalry, and MASON and WOODWARD made speeches complimenting each other."

MASON TO WOODWARD.

COLONEL WOODWARD, I cannot refrain from expressing
My sense of the honor you do me to-day,
In taking a sword I am tired of possessing,
And taking it, too, in so civil a way.

To tell you the truth, though I've felt no misgiving
Concerning the rights of the cause I uphold,
I have had a conviction that one Ass, still living,
Is worth a battalion of Lions stretched cold.

At Shiloh, I saw I could save ammunition—
And also my bacon—by shifting my ground;
So my brave Seventy-first, with a yell, took position
Where all was serene, as we afterwards found.

My Buckeyes, for this, were by SHERMAN berated;
He ventured to call us no better than sneaks;
But, Colonel, this thrice-happy chance I've awaited
To prove there's no braver than him who now speaks!

WOODWARD TO MASON.

Thrice happy, dear Colonel, am I to acknowledge
The claims of a soldier so polished and true!
Your style of address would illumine a college:
Your deeds, unexcelled, have been equalled by few.

Should *your* Government fail to appreciate your merits,
Believe me, your worth is not slighted by *ours;*
It values the true Northern man who inherits—
And uses—such very remarkable powers.

In every respect, you're the equal, dear Colonel,
Of PILLOW and BRAGG, our two bravest and best;
So wise and so prudent, your fame will keep vernal
Long after your war-battered frame goes to rest.

I take your bright weapon, your men, and yourself, sir,
For all are a personal favor from you;
And, regretting your talents are laid on the shelf, sir,
I take your parole, and now bid you adieu.

"EVERY LADY HER OWN DYER."

THE above words are not ours; they are quoted from a *Herald* advertisement addressed to those whom it may concern, of whom we consider ourselves one, as we should be very much concerned to think that *every* lady is going become her own dyer.

Potichomanie was a bad vice enough while it lasted. There can be no manner of doubt that it was the cause of more Domestic Jars than any other of the pottering little accomplishments to which vague though charming woman occasionally addicts herself for want of mental occupation. Potichomanie has gone to pot, and we are thankful.

But the decoration of cheap and uninteresting gallipots was a mild freak of madness compared to what we may expect if every lady becomes her own dyer. Suppose a family consisting of a stately old dowager, for instance, with nine buxom daughters, to whom arrive on a visit half-a-dozen blooming provincial cousins, and a couple of undraftable spinster aunts. They are all their own dyers, mind, and, of course, the house is at once converted into a seething and simultaneous vat. It is no longer a mere house; it is a Vatican. From the little circumstance that girls are not usually brought up to the drug business, and don't know what sticks and what doesn't, these ladies, young and otherwise, will each become, indeed, "her own dyer"—and a dire business it will be. Dabbling, as they will, in colors which take fast hold of the cuticle, they will dye themselves into all sorts of loud patterns before they know what they are about, and the young gentlemen who contribute to the albums of the young ladies will have a terrible time of it. Think of a frantic lover, formerly good upon stanzas to ruby lips, for instance, being put to his wit's end to do up some dactyls upon his object's cobalt fingers; or fancy him knocking off some such sentiment as this:

"Purple with madder to the lips is she.
Mad, am I? Would I were madder there to be!"

All this is fearful to anticipate.

THE NEW "SOCIAL EVIL."

Small Swell.—"DWEADFUL SAW, THIS DWAFT. DWAGS A FELLAH FWOM THE BOOZUM OF HIS CLUB!"

An Escape of Gas.

NOTICES have lately been issued by the Manhattan Gas Light Company, advising their customers that the whole amount of the new tax, fifteen cents per thousand cubic feet, on gas consumed, is henceforth to be imposed on them, the customers.

Heretofore we have been wallowing in the superstition that we have had taxes enough to pay, already. We are but mortal, and another tax would go near to dislocate our mortal, spinal vertebræ. 'Tis the last feather that breaks the dromedary's ridge-pole, and oh! how much heavier than a sackful of feathers is a paper of Tax.

We have said that we are but mortal. Is the Manhattan Gas Light Company more than mortal that it thus proposes to put the whole tax upon us, or less than mortal, and unprovided with the spinal columnar arrangements necessary for beasts of burden?

The Manhattan Gas Light Company will please let us have more Light on this subject, and less of that 'ere, which is foul air, at best.

Planetary.

THE Boston *Transcript* says:

"There is reason to believe that the Government has under serious consideration the propriety of assigning Major-General MITCHEL to a high command."

If General MITCHEL has not good right to aspire to a "High command," we should like to know who *has*. As an Astronomer, Gen. MITCHEL has passed half a life-time in counting the stars: isn't it about time for him to be counted in?

Suicidal.

IT appears that Congress passed an Act, last session, imposing a heavy tax upon Gas. Justice, like Charity, sometimes begins at home.

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.

SATURN, *alias* TIME, must have been a gay old deceiver. It is stated by one who knew him that, when recovering from a fit of *mania a potu*, he shaved off all his hair with his scythe, excepting the traditional forelock. He did this, as he told one of his wives, in order that he might have his head *a la mowed*.

NEPTUNE is the oldest Salt of whom we have any record. (NOAH, it will be remembered, was a fresh-water sailor.) But we doubt that NEPTUNE was old fogy enough to stop a sailor's grog.

Astronomers say that MARS—the planet fellow—is in full uniform just now, and looks very belligerent. We don't know much about MARS'S uniform, but we heard the little red-haired girl next door screaming out to the little blue-nosed boy in the opposite area, that the tailor-man refused to leave Par's uniform without getting the proper equivalent in postage-stamps.

DIANA offers the first illustration of the Crescent and the Cross. She is always represented with a crescent on her brow, and she never looks in good humor—on account, probably, of the oath taken by her to live in celibacy.

Of all the heathen divinities, BACCHUS is the most natural. His is a character about which there is no exaggeration, whatever. He liked his beer, and wasn't ashamed to acknowledge the fact, and he knew no end of good fellows. It is a tribute to this deity that, even at the present day, men generally mention his name when they are beset by difficulties. They call a council of their friends, and the first and last word said by them is, "Back Us."

THE RHYME OF THE MODERN MARINER.

WHEN the grog flowed,
Then the ship goed,
And we horn-piped so merry:
When the grog stopped
Our woices dropped,
And we was doleful—wery.

The Interesting Fugitive.

THERE is still a certain amount of mystery regarding the individuality of the strange personage who lately made his appearance at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls. Some authorities state confidently that the fugitive was GEORGE N. SAUNDERS, while others maintain that he was no other than the great Chippewa chief, HOLE-IN-THE-DAY. Those who are acquainted with the personal appearance of Mr. SAUNDERS, will easily realize the possibility of his being mistaken for a sagamore of the Red men. The small, aristocratic eyes, the patrician, puggy nose, the elegant, though large and somewhat flitch-like ear; the beard like that of a lion, and yet resembling tow; the short, stout, pudgy, lithe, sinewy, and elastic figure; the large, thorough-bred feet, with the sole undermost—all these are traits equally characteristic of the free, untrammelled, noble savage of the woods and plains, only we wouldn't like to tell HOLE-IN-THE-DAY so to his face.

Masonic.

OUR Least-Gifted Contributor, on hearing that Col. MASON is to be cashiered for his surrender at Clarksville, Tenn., instantly observed that he supposed this Mason mismanaged his Mortar, and did not prove a Perfect Brick. The Contributor for this has himself been Cashiered—our Financial Manager immediately paying Fifty Cents to his credit.

Exercising Reading.

"THE *Tax-Payers' Manual* has just been published, and, in brevity, it beats the *Military Manual* all hollow. It has but three principal orders, which are as follows:

1. Draw wallets!
2. Fork over!
3. Retire!

The Monotonous Minstrel.

President Lincoln, (to H. G.)—"GO AWAY, YOU TIRESOME VAGRANT! IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME OLD CROAKING TUNE, 'ABOLITION, ABOLITION, MARCHING ON!'"

TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE.

Perplexed Man.—"If I keep on dyeing 'em, they'll draft me for under forty five; and if I leave off dyeing 'em, Polly won't have me. Anyhow, I must 'stand the hazard of the die!'"

Black Sugar.

We perceive that Charcoal Lozenges are coming into favor with hypochondriacal persons, as an improvement upon pills and things. They are said to be agreeable, and would, on account of their color, be very appropriate articles for Governor Andrew, with which to sweeten his Black Draught.

O Scissors!

It is stated by the newspapers, that among the numerous women employed at Washington in clipping Treasury notes, a good many Secessionists have found occupation.

We have every reason for supposing these latter to be Baltimore Clippers.

The Vilest Kind of War.—A Servile War.

A Mysterious Article.

As we look over newspaper advertisements, we sometimes wonder at an article, or articles, offered to public notice under the odd name of "Venison Blazes." What on earth are Venison Blazes? Where, *off* earth, is Venison Blazes? Well, we really can't say; unless, indeed, it is the warm corner prepared for Mr. Roebuck when the old Call Boy comes for him.

Very "Small Deer."—Roebuck.

Something stirring in England.—A loud Russell heard over there.

A Rather Checkered Game.—Drafts.

WHEN IT WILL END.

When wise men rule,
And knave and fool
No more a tool
Make of the nation;
When Truth and Right
Prevail o'er Might,
And Law and Light
O'er all creation.
When men are true
In what they do;
And through and through
The dear old Union,
Wise counsels reign
And so attain
A real domain
Of kind communion.
When morning skies
Rain large supplies
Of pigeon-pies
For hungry sinners,
And poor folks no
More have to go,
In spirits low,
Without their dinners.
When sense comes back
(Unwonted track!)
To every hack,
And even Greeley,
In calm repose
And Sunday clothes,
Talks through his nose
With Bennett, freely;
While everywhere,
Good people stare
At this sweet pair
Of sainted creatures,
And say, with pride,
That none beside
So much have lied
Or worn such features.
When bullies shrink
From blood and drink,
And do not think
They ought to lam you well;
When patriots cease
To talk like geese,
And likewise fleece
Their Uncle Samuel.
When laws are made
By men afraid
Of being paid
To steal and swindle;
When politics
Are never tricks
And, in a fix,
All parties dwindle.
When those who bear
The sovereign care
Are not who wear
The form of zanies,
And men of war
Not stupid, nor
Discarded for
Official grannies.
When, talking done
And work begun,
We fire the gun
Our foe to scatter,
Then Fate will send
A peaceful end,
And with serene oblivion blend
This fratricidal matter.

"Locks Picked."

REPORTERS, when describing some vast assemblage, generally draw upon the ocean for a simile, and record the appearance of "a perfect sea of heads."

To our way of thinking, now, the expression, "a perfect canal of heads," would be much more appropriate—it being evident that most canals are furnished with Locks, while the sea isn't.

The Comparative Degree.

IF the Dime is nothing but a casual Waif now-a-days, dear reader, the Postage-stamp may well be characterized as a perpetual Wafer.

What boots it!

SEVERAL correspondents would like to know whether the Government "stamps" are likely to do anything toward "crushing" the Rebellion.

The Extra Bounty.

Quid pro quo-ta.

Remark by a City Scavenger.

"When dead hosses and other garbage is left lyin' loose around a camp, the noospaper reporters writes and says, 'Our army is again assuming the offensive.'"

Our Carmen.

THE Latin poets used the word *carmen* for what ours call an "ode."

Want of space, alone, prevents us from inditing a more worthy composition of that kind to MICHAEL CURRAN, the Irish carman, who so nobly contributed his hard-saved hundred dollars on Wednesday last, toward "saving the Union," than the following:

"OWED TO MICHAEL CURRAN."

The gratitude of the American People.

TO STOP A "RAID."—Be Arrayed yourself.

ON THE SADDLE.

NOT long since, the Secretary of War gave instructions to cavalry recruiting-officers not to accept any recruits except such as could pass a strict examination in practical equestrianism. This may be an excellent order so far as principle is concerned, but we see holes in it when held up to the light of practice. We—and so much the worse for us—are not a race of riders. We are, so to speak, a buggy race: that is to say, we don't accustom ourselves to view that noble animal, the horse, except in connection with vehicles and harness. With few exceptions, we have beheld with mistrust the bold dragoons who have occasionally passed through this city *en route* for fields of strife. Their saddles, as a general thing, do not appear to agree with them. They ride with stirrups so long that the tendons of the leg have a hard time of it trying to keep the toes within reach of them, and their principal *appui* seems to be from the bit, with which it is a wonder and a mercy that they do not split their horses heads up to the ears. In the Central Park, on the Bloomingdale Road, on the fashionable rides about Secaucus, N. J., and Patchogue, L. I., it is just the same thing—only "more so." You don't meet one man in twenty who doesn't sit as if there were nails coming through the saddle, and look as if he felt them.

Now we are hard at work making soldiers of ourselves—a slow process, in sooth, but we think a sure one—and we must look sharp and learn how to ride. Racing, as distinct from trotting, is a first-rate institution for the bringing up of horsemen; so much so that it would be well for Government to support it, as in England, where "Queen's Plates" are run for at all the principal race-meetings. There would be some trouble in getting rid of our blackguards, indeed; but we have great hopes of the draft, on that score. Steeple-chasing is a better school, still, for the horse and his rider. We have lots of steeples, as anybody may see without going on the house-top, but the only men who hunt after them here are exempt, as they bump pulpit-cushions instead of saddles, and switch congregations instead of horses.

Traditions on the subject of horsemanship, here, are of an extremely vague and unsatisfactory character. Most men seem to think that short stirrups are a peculiarity entirely belonging to adventurous tailors, who desecrate the seventh day by their unseemly one-horse acts. The reverse is the case, however, as every man who has been brought up to ride "across country" well knows. We have credible information of a young man who has a couple of pounds of shot sewed into his trousers, near the ancle, to keep him down in the saddle. Another waxes the knees of his "tights" to make them stick; and there are scores who believe that no equestrian turn-out can be complete without a turn-out of the toes. These are fine old traditional ideas, derived chiefly from the itinerant Methodist preacher who imparts to wondering rustics their first and last ideas on the subject of "noble horsemanship," as he bumps saddlebags through the village.

By and by we expect to see some elderly gentleman of the mercantile persuasion going out for a constitutional ride with his pen behind his ear—that being the instrument with which he is accustomed to "keep his balance."

Albo Notata.

We are informed that GOTTSCHALK, the renowned pianist, realized at Saratoga, lately, by one concert, the handsome sum of $800, which he handed over at once to a committee for furnishing comforts to soldiers in the field.

By a curious coïncidence, the number 800 represents *forty score;* and it was by means of a piano *forte score* that the musician realized it.

Let this act of the *maëstro* be chalked, or rather Gottschalked to his credit, on the canteen of every soldier in our army.

Terrible Threat.

WE clip the following from a country paper:

"J. W. MacMahon advertises in the Richmond papers that he will write the history of 'the great struggle for freedom' in a style equal to the great Grecian and Roman historians. MacMahon was lately Private Secretary to Mayor Wood of New-York, and an editor of the *Daily News*."

He ought not to do it, MACMAHON oughtn't. If our memory of MACMAHON does not deceive us, he is what is commonly called a "heavy swell." We knew him, and he *was* a heavy swell, so he was. Fancy a Grecian and Roman history of the Rebellion written by a New-York heavy swell from a Southern point of view! There is nothing that we can think of comparing such a production to, on the present short notice, unless, indeed, we might take the liberty of likening it to a double-barrelled bull-dog with a Grecian and Roman nose.

Good old Custom.

We are glad to hear that the Custom-house employés are taking steps to organize themselves into a guard for city service. With their experience regarding the Custom duties upon all kinds of ardent spirits, we have no doubt that they will prove themselves Rum Customers should they be called upon to engage in mortal combat.

MOTHER GOOSE ON THE "STONEWALL."

THERE was a man near Gordonsville
Believed his Rebel spies,
And crossed the Rapidan to take
Our army by surprise;

But found the BANKS this side so "steep,"
With all his might and main
He took the back track, and recrossed
The Rapidan again!

No Allusion to Van Amburgh.

THE proprietor of a travelling elephant wishes for a situation as Brigadier-General. He states that he possesses at least one advantage over several who have lately been appointed to such posts—he is accustomed to being in the Van.

THE HARDEST THING YET SAID OF YANCEY.—That GEORGE N. SAUNDERS was mistaken for him at Niagara.

BLACK DRAFT.

Colored Person.—"Doctor Andrew's complums, Massa; and he says you must swaller dis here stuff."

Uncle Sam.—"Ugh! take the nasty thing away! I'm sick enough already!"

Enterprise.

The proprietor of a down-town restaurant now gives his customers a nickel cent with each plate of roast lamb.

He calls it Mint Sauce.

A Rappahannock Con.

Q. Why is General Sigel like the awning over a lager-bier garden?

A. Because he covers a Retreat efficiently.

A Voice through the Key-hole.

"If we don't do something, soon," said Orson to himself, [Valentine was out after tobacco,] "I shall begin to think that half of our officers were educated as Waiters."

Dash Them!

The expression "Rebel dash" is becoming quite too frequent in the daily journals. If any more of these Rebel dashes take place, will the daily journalists be so good as to spare our feelings, and head their paragraphs thus:

Another Rebel ——!

"Walker!"

The latest news is that the Rebels are about to make a "raid" into Maryland by Walker's Ford. There is a good deal of "Walker" in everything we hear, now, from warward.

THE LATE TRIANGULAR DUEL.

First Shot at the President, by Greeley & Co.

"If you'll free the slave at once,
We'll call you wise; if not, a dunce.
Four Million Heroes wait your nod—
Say they are free, and then thank God!
If you from fear decline to act,
Why not at once announce the fact?
If Slavery be not killed by Fall,
Why then the Union's gone: that's all!"
Slavery must perish *any way*,
Union comes afterward, *we say!*"

[*Nobody hurt.*]

Second Shot at Lincoln, by Democratic Committee.

"If you forsake your senses now,
And to the *Tribune* idol bow,
The outraged world with fervent hate
Your ill-starred name will execrate.
What! wisdom shun, and justice, too,
To please this Heaven-forsaken crew!
Shall weak Philanthropy prevail
On such a monstrous, frightful scale?
If *thus* the Union you would save,
We'd rather you would dig its grave!"

[*Nobody hurt.*]

Third Shot—A Double-Header, by the President.

"No angry meteor turns my sight
From that pure altar's steady light,
Whereon the flame of Duty burns,
And all my heart's best homage earns.
That altar is my Country's Cause—
The cause of Union and her laws:
Whatever helps this cause, I do,
And do not aught with other view.
Slavery, with me, or falls or stands,
Just as the Union Cause demands."

[*The assailing parties put their hands to the spot where the heart is supposed to be, and turn milky blue.*]

THE NEW QUAKERISM.

We are in a "fix" this week, on account of the defection of Our Fast Man, whese name we do not think proper to state, but who has long been one of our most brilliant contributors.

The young man in question took the asseveration of allegiance, yesterday, as a Quaker, to keep himself out of harm's way. He has been accustomed to swearing a good deal, so that the mere fact of asseveration did not amount to much; but he *did* look like a guy when he came out with his coat and waistcoat cut upon the ventral pattern of the non-combatant shad. He walked into our office, immediately afterwards, with a mild article, but Mary Ann knocked him down with one end of the broom, and swept him out with the other.

Several muscular young men have lately shown symptoms of the disease known as "Quaker tongue." We heard of one the other day, who got badly snubbed on account of it. Walking with the object of his impulses upon one of the wretched plank-paths that cross—and disgrace—the Jersey Flats, near Hoboken, a marsh-bird sprang from the sedges, and sped away, whistling, toward the pleasant moon. "See, see! a curlew!" cried the object, with pretty eagerness. "Nay," rejoined the swain, "not a curl-*you*—*we* call the strange fowl a curl-*thee*." The maiden smote him suddenly into the absorbent marsh, and an intelligent Hoboken jury of inquest returned a verdict of "Didn't see him."

A religious bar-keeper of this city has invented several fancy Quaker drinks. One is called, "Thou, thou know'st that I love Thee." Its principal ingredient is brandy, straight. The others are gin straight and rum straight, and its effects are stimulating to the instinct of self-preservation. No Quaking person should be without it. All other Drafts are mere poison.

Antiquity of West-Point.

A correspondent of the *Evening Express*, writing about General Scott at West-Point, makes the following remarkable statement:

"He stands up firmly—a man above all other men, as Saul stood before his brethren—with apartments at Cozzens's."

This is new to us. We have long been aware that Brother Jonathan "sees" Cozzens's jolly hotel at West Point to any extent, but we never before knew that Saul once boarded there.